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anything. And you will do it to try to stop me. I will force you to do it. After Senator Wehrbein gave you all such good advice, said, don't let anybody goad you into doing something that's not right, I succeeded in doing it. You enshrined me in your rules without harming me. There is a poem that...

PRESIDENT ROBAK: One minute.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: ...Rudyard Kipling wrote and everybody is familiar with the first refrain and the way it ends. Oh, it's called "The Ballad of the East and the West": Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat; But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, When two strong men stand face to face, tho they come from the ends of the earth! And when I have a chance to speak again, I'll tell you all a little bit more about that.

PRESIDENT ROBAK: You may continue, Senator Chambers.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: Kamal is out with twenty men to raid the Border-side, And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride: He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day, and turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away. Then up and spoke the Colonel's son who led a troop of the Guides: "Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?" Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar: "If you know the track of the morning-mist, you know where his pickets are. At dusk he harries the Abazai--at dawn he is into Bonair, but he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare, so if you travel to Fort Bukloh as fast as you can fly, by the favour of God you may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai, but if he past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then, for the length and the breath of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men. There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between, and you may hear a breech-bolt snick though never a man is seen." Well, the Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he, with the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree. The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat--who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat. He's up and away